THE RED MAN

An Illustrated Magazine Printed by Indians

APRIL 1916

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Published Monthly by THE CARLISLE INDIAN PRESS

An Optimist

Ole Uncle Finn was a good old chap,
But he never seemed fer to care a rap,
If the sun forgot
To rise some day.
Just like as not
Ole Finn would say:
"Oncommon dark, this here we're in,
But 'taint so bad as it might 'a' been."
But a big cyclone came 'long one day,
An' the town was wrecked and blowed away.
When the storm had passed
We stood around
And thought at last
Ole Finn had found
The state o' things he was buried in
About as bad as it could 'a' been.
So we dug 'im out o' the twisted wreck,
And lifted a rafter off his neck.
He was bruised an' cut,
And a sight to see;
He was ruined, but
He says, says he,
With a weak look 'round and a smashed up grin,
" 'Tain't half so bad as it might 'a' been!"
But after all, it's the likes o' Finn
Makes this world fit fer livin' in.
When days are drear
And skies are dark,
It's good to hear
Some ole cuss bark,
"Now see here son," with a cheerful grin,
" 'Tain't half so bad as it might 'a' been!"

A magazine issued in the interest of the Native American

The Red Man

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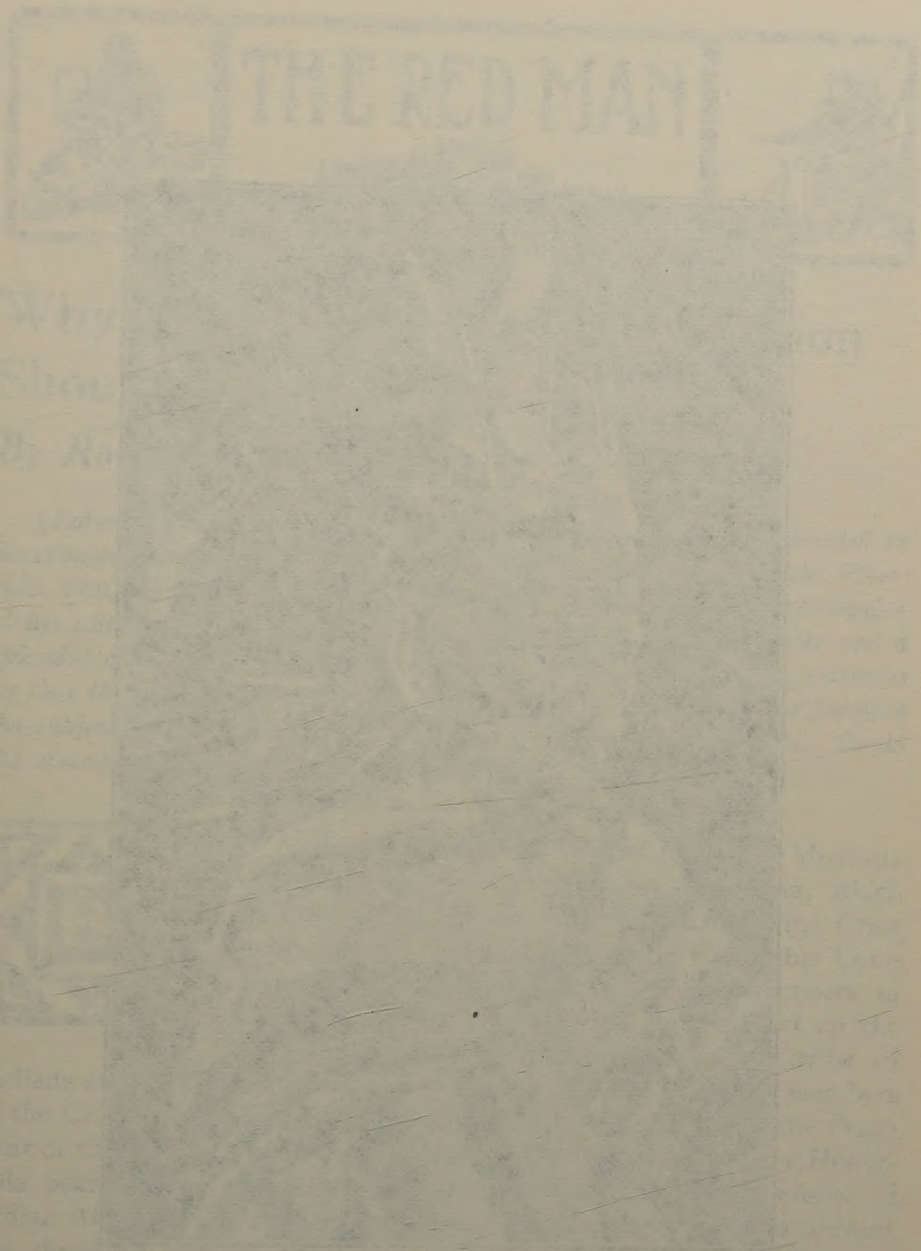

THE RED MAN

KAH-BE-NUNG-WE-WAY (BEING OF FLABBY FLESH)

This old Chippewa Indian claims to be 129 years old, and he looks it. He is still apparently of sound mind, his eyes are fairly good, and until recently he could travel about alone. His home is on the Leech Lake Indian Reservation, in northern Minnesota.

Why the Crow Indian Reservation Should not Be Opened:*

By Robert Yellowtail.

(Robert Yellowtail is a full-blood Crow Indian and was educated in Government schools. After graduating from the Sherman Institute, Riverside, California, he returned to the reservation and began the improvemen of his allotment. He is now a successful farmer and stock-grower and a splendid citizen. The superintendent of the Crow Indian Agency assures us that the framing, drawing up, and wording of the resolutions forming the subject matter of this article is the work of Robert Yellowtail. Could the average white farmer do a better job?—Editor.)

BE IT resolved by the Crow tribe of Indians of Montana in council held at Crow Agency, Montana, which was duly called by the Superintendent of the Crow Agency, under the direction of the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs, that the members of said council in attendance from each district on the Crow Reservation, representing the Crow tribe of Indians and speaking for themselves and on behalf of all of the members of the Crow tribe of Indians, respectfully request and petition the President of the United States, the Congress of the United States, the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, and the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs to use all honorable means within their power to prevent the throwing open of the Crow Indian Reservation in Montana, or any portion thereof, for purchase and settlement by white people.

We have been informed and have reason to believe that it is the purpose and intention of certain white men residing at Hardin and Billings, Montana, and Sheridan, Wyoming, and other places adjacent to the Crow Indian Reservation to make an effort through the Congress of the United States to have thrown open said Crow Reservation to settlement and purchase by the white people, and we earnestly and vigorously protest against same and desire you to know that this reso-

*Resolution by the Crow Indians in council, duly called by authority of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, held on November 22, 1915, at Crow Agency, Montana.

lution is a protest on the part of the tribe of Crow Indians of Montana against such opening of their reservation and voices the wishes and sentiments of practically the entire tribe of Crow Indians.

We, the Crow Indians, represent that about two years ago we were furnished with a tribal herd of cattle of upwards of 9,000 head. This herd has increased until at the present time we have about 12,500 head in said tribal herd. The individual cattle held by Crow Indians amount to at least another 3,000, so that we have at the present time between 15,000 and 16,000 head of cattle belonging to us Crow Indians. We also have several thousand horses for the intelligent propagation of which we have purchased a large number of fine registered stallions, and we need for our own use a very large portion of our range and reservation for the grazing of our herds of cattle and horses which will increase steadily in numbers from now on until we hope, within the next few years, to use all of our range for the grazing of our own cattle and other livestock, as we have large sums in the Treasury available for the additional purchase of more cattle.

We further represent that we have on the Crow Indian Reservation irrigation works which have cost the Crow tribe of Indians, not the Government, about $1,250,000, which irrigates large tracts of lands in the valleys, and large amount of these lands are being farmed by the members of the Crow tribe of Indians, and they are increasing their farming and agricultural operations each year. This year the acreage which was in crops and the amount of crops raised have far exceeded that of any previous year. We intend to increase our farming and agricultural pursuits and want our lands and reservation to remain undisturbed. We would ask in this connection that it is nothing more than fair to permit us time enough to adapt ourselves to the new conditions forced upon us, to the new mode of living, and the new competitive methods of gaining a livelihood, the new line of reasoning, and all of these new conditions which the white man with his knowledge of things handed down from ages, and which it has taken him this length of time to master, and which he now asks us to assimilate in a fortnight.

We further represent that on the ceded portion of the Crow Reservation heretofore thrown open, lying north of our present reservation, there is still at large amount of those lands in said ceded strip which still remain unsold and undisposed of to the white people, approximately 280,000 acres still remaining unsold; that on the portion that has been sold a great many delinquencies have occurred, delaying, in many cases, payment on said lands for as long a period as two and three years. This in effect shows that most of the lands that have been ceded are not occupied by bona fide settlers but are bought by large interests and individuals for purely speculative purposes, and as a result of this

nature of buying, we, the Crow Indians, who ceded this territory in good faith, suffer because of the delay in payments for same, and we firmly believe that if the portion now intended to be opened by the people of Hardin, Billings, and Sheridan were considered, the above conditions would still exist, only upon a much larger scale, as the character of the lands to be opened are such that it is a question that bona fide settlers can make their living therefrom. The records of the Land Office show that there is approximately 600,000 acres of vacant public domain unsold and undisposed of lying adjacent to the Crow Indian Reservation, and 19,000,000 in Montana, which further shows that there is no necessity for the opening of the Crow Reservation at the present time. And we are reliably informed and know that a large amount of our ceded lands have gone into the hands of large stockmen and speculators instead of going into the hands of the homesteader and home builder as was the intention when said ceded strip was thrown open.

We further state that the grazing lands of our Crow Reservation, other than those which we are using for our own tribal herds and stock at the present time, has been leased for grazing purposes for a period of five years from February 1, 1916, the revenues derived from such leases being valuable to our tribe, and which, aside from furnishing us Crow Indians with certain moneys, furnishes funds with which to properly conduct and administer the affairs of our reservation. The fact should not be overlooked that the Crow Reservation is one of the very few reservations of the country that is maintained absolutely upon its own resources. Congress each year provides only $6,000 by treaty for the pay of five positions upon this reservation. Aside from this, every penny that goes to defray the operative expenses of our reservation is derived from revenues that are received in the way of lease moneys, etc. In the event the opening is considered, the great amount necessary to defray these expenses, which amounts to something over $100,000 each year, must necessarily come from Congress.

We further represent that many of our children, all of whom were born since the allotments were made on the Crow Reservation, are still to be allotted lands on said Crow Reservation, and that a large amount of other lands on said reservation will be needed for allotting children to be born to the Crow tribe of Indians, and still another great amount will be needed to allot those 400 eligible under Alloting Agent Hatchett. Thus it can be seen that when we have all received our allotments the best of our lands will have passed into the hands of Crows, leaving only a few high and barren ridges for settlement; that we need to provide for our future as to lands, our homes, our cattle and stock, our agricultural lands and grazing lands, our irrigation, and to protect our fences about our present reservation and division fences which have been constructed

at a large expense to the Crow tribe of Indians, all of which would become a total loss in case our reservation was thrown open to settlement.

We further respectfully represent that the present is no time to dispose of our lands and reservation and would not be to the best interests of the Crow tribe of Indians, for the reason that our lands would bring but a very small amount of money at the present time, nor the value thereof, but such lands will be much more valuable and bring us a much larger revenue in years to come if it then be found necessary to open our Crow Reservation.

We further state in this connection that it has been shown us here that the time has not arrived when the two peoples are ready to intermingle as one, each recognizing the other as his equal, but on the other hand, a chasm exists between the two people, evidently, because of racial feeling, the white man feeling much superior to the Indian, therefore unfit for his association, as evidenced by the fact that "Jim Crow" tables are in existence in both Hardin, Montana, and Crow Agency, Montana; that the public schools of Wyola and Lodge Grass have refused to admit Indian children who were eligible by reason of their legal status, and were shown the greatest of racial hatred. In some instances this feeling grew to such an extent that parents of these white children removed their children to public schools at other places where there were no Indians.

Surely it can not be contended from any point of reasoning that the Government, in justice to us, should longer entertain the diabolical intention of these designing politicians and land sharks and stockmen, who, while patting us on the back with one hand conceal in the other a dagger with which they intend to bleed us.

Therefore be it resolved, That for the reasons herein set forth, and others that will be advanced by our delegates, the Crow tribe of Indians in council assembled this 22nd day of November, A. D. 1915, vigorously protest against the throwing open of their Crow Indian Reservation in Montana or any part or portion thereof, and that we represent the Crow tribe of Indians and each district on the Crow Reservation, and speak for and on behalf of ourselves and the entire tribe of Crow Indians.

Be it further resolved, That we empower our chairman to select such men, as have shown themselves qualified by their progressiveness, to act in the capacity of representatives to speak for and on behalf of the tribe before the Honorable Secretary of the Interior and the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs and before the different committees of Congress, and that after such selection is made we hereby agree that they and only they shall be our representatives in Washington; that if any others than those elected by this council appear in Washington or individuals through letters protest against the proceedings of

this council, we respectfully ask that the Commissioner or Secretary and the Honorable Congress of the United States refuse to accept same as being the wishes of the Crow Indians.

Be it further resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to the President of the United States, to the Congress of the United States, and the presiding officer of each body thereof, to the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, and the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and we ask you and each of you to use all means within your power to prevent the throwing open of our reservation or any part thereof.

The said resolution was duly passed after being voted on as follows:

VOTES FOR.

Plenty Coos
Charles Clawson
Bull Dont Fall Down (thumb mark)
Bear in the Middle (thumb mark)
Bird Hat (thumb mark)
Holds Enemy (thumb mark)
Sebastian Long Bear
James Buffalo
Curley (thumb mark)
White Man Runs Him (thumb mark)
Two Leggins (thumb mark)
Medicine Crow (thumb mark)
Crooked Arm (thumb mark)
Young Swallow (thumb mark)
Dominic Old Elk
Thomas Longtail
Richard Cummins
Austin Stray Calf
Joe Child in Mouth
Luke B. Rock
Richard Daylight
Fred Oldhorn
G. Hart Thomas
Geo. W. Hogan
Elmer Takes Wrinkle
Door (thumb mark)
Sidney Blackhair
Old Coyote (thumb mark)
Young Yellow Wolf (thumb mark)
Victor Singer
Jasper Long Tail
Charles Yarlott
Joseph Martinez
Peter Bompard
Joseph Spotted Rabbit
John Frost
James Carpenter
Blake Whiteman Runs Him
Iron Fork (thumb mark)
Kills Jacob Woodtick (thumb mark)
Strong Heart (thumb mark)
Good Horse (thumb mark)
Bushy Head (thumb mark)
Shot in Nose (thumb mark)
Old Rabbit (thumb mark)
Looks at Ground (thumb mark)
Puts on Antelope Cap (thumb mark)
Albert Anderson
Comes up Red (thumb mark)
Stops (thumb mark)
Left Hand (thumb mark)
Thomas Medicinehorse
Frank Hawk
Top of Moccasin (thumb mark)
Tie Crooked Arm
Francis LaForge
Old Horn (thumb mark)
Billy Steel
Louis Bompard
The Eagle (thumb mark)
Falls Down Old (thumb mark)
Dont Mix (thumb mark)
Thomas Tobacco
Thomas Stewart
Isaac McAllister
Alphonsus Child in Mouth
Thomas Big Lake
Leo Hugs
Leo Bad Horse
Mattie W. Small
George White Bear
White Dog (thumb mark)
Scolds Bear (thumb mark)
Knows His Coos (thumb mark)
Sharp Nose (thumb mark)
Pretty Horse (thumb mark)

Frank Yarlott
Paul Scott
Eric Birdabove
Hold
Henry Russell
Herbert Old Bear
Frank Bethune
Philip Ironhead
Shield Chief (thumb mark)
Fights Wellknown (thumb mark)
Eagle Turns (thumb mark)
Plenty Buffalo (thumb mark)
Bird Wellknown (thumb mark)
High Medicine Rock (thumb mark)
Walks With Wolf (thumb mark)
Other Bull (thumb mark)
Does Everything (thumb mark)
Bird Horse (thumb mark)
Bird Above (thumb mark)
Eastosh (thumb mark)
Big Medicine (thumb mark)
Enos Light
Arnold Costa
Covers His Face No. 2 (thumb mark)
William Bends
James Big Shoulder
Lots of Stars (thumb mark)
Eli Blackhawk
Knows the Ground (thumb mark)
Goes Together (thumb mark)
Bear Goes to Other Ground (thumb mark)
Packs Hat (thumb mark)
Plain Owl (thumb mark)
Medicine Mane (thumb mark)
Pretty Paint (thumb mark)
Takes Enemy No. 2 (thumb mark)
The Moon (thumb mark)
Plenty Wing (thumb mark)
Bright Wing (thumb mark)
Sits Down Spotted (thumb mark)
Plenty Hawk (thumb mark)
No Horse (thumb mark)
Mrs. Thomas Kent (thumb mark)
Frank Reed
Robert Yellowtail
Barney Looks Back
Harry Whiteman
Yellow Head (thumb mark)
Flat Dog (thumb mark)
Snapping Dog (thumb mark)
Shot in Hand (thumb mark)
White Hip (thumb mark)
Spotted Rabbit (thumb mark)
Looks With Ears (thumb mark)
Covered Up (thumb mark)
Three Foretops (thumb mark)
Coyote Runs (thumb mark)
Barney Old Coyote
Richard Wallace
Holds Up (thumb mark)
John Sit Down Spotted
James Hill

Votes against: None.

Witnesses to all signatures and thumb marks:

ROBERT YELLOWTAIL,
FRED E. MILLER.

Attest:

ROBT. YELLOWTAIL, *Secretary.*
RICHARD WALLACE, *Chairman.*

We, the undersigned, Richard Wallace, Chairman of the Crow Indian Council held at Crow Agency, Montana, on November 22 and 23, 1915, and Robert Yellowtail, Secretary of the said Council, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true copy of the resolution passed by the said Crow Council on the 23d day of November, 1915, and that the names attached thereto have been compared with the names signed to the original resolution and that the same are correct except that the thumb mark imprint does not appear upon the copies.

RICHARD WALLACE, *Chairman.*
ROBT. YELLOWTAIL, *Secretary.*

Why Have the Seminoles of Florida Been Continually Denied Lands in the Everglades?

By Minnie Moore Willson.

HO are the Seminoles? They are not aliens; they are not foreigners; they *are* Americans! And yet today in this great moral State of Florida, we find the Indian population broken, wounded in spirit and pauperized. The Florida Seminole is the very incarnation of the "Man Without a Country;" he is a stranger in his own land, with no refuge in sight. A great state like Florida, that seeks to better her condition and increase her sparsely peopled territory by extending to the restless world an invitation of welcome, should sound the keynote of honor and justice and look into her own hidden record, the treatment of her Everglade Indian.

Truth Should Be Unveiled.

WHY then may the truth not be known? The American people are entitled to know why Florida with her boundless, untenanted millions of acres continues to withhold from the Seminole land upon which he may place his wigwam and where with the help and cooperation of his white friends he may cease to be panic stricken and where he may be helped to a better and a happier existence.

The voting citizenry of Florida has a right to know; moreover have the Seminole not a right to know why their treaty rights have been confiscated, while they in their anguish have been ordered "Move on, move on" into other trackless wilds of the great swamp morasses?

Do we believe that the sun does not shine because we have walled up our windows? Then let us be assured that Truth has waited long enough for a place in Florida's capital, and that despite every obstacle, through cracks and crannies, like sun notes, she will enter, and history, which weighs guilt as well as innocence on her scale, will decide.

The Seminole's Treaty.

BURIED in the archives of the Seminole memory, handed down from generation to generation, is the history of the treaty of 1843. Let us draw the curtain and study this picture three-quarters of a century old. We see the American flag as it furls and unfurls over the speaker's

stand. Seminole chieftians and American officers are each in the regalia of their respective ranks. In the background may be seen the United States soldiery in friendly relation with the flower of the Seminole Nation, —a remnant of a remnant, now reduced from thousands to about one hundred patriots; this remnant of the proud old Seminoles are still unconquered and determined to remain in their beloved Florida. Under a peace compact this band agreed "to abstain from all aggression upon their white neighbors and to confine themselves to certain areas in the southern peninsula of Florida,"—*The Land of the Seminoles. The Seminoles have never broken that treaty!*

Are we as Floridans willing to wait for interference from philanthropists from other states, because we are not answering the ringing, pointed questions, "Why are the Seminoles of Florida continually denied homes in their native land—why this crime against an innocent and a helpless people?"

Governor Park Tremmell's Veto.

AS IS well known, two recent legislative sessions have passed, refusing a land grant to the Seminoles.

The 1913 Legislature manipulated the chess board of the "Seminole Land Bill," with a veto by Governor Park Trammell on the very last day of the session.

The chess board of 1915 could not stand out against the petitions, the enthusiasm, yes and indignation, felt by the white citizens of Florida, and the "hand writing on the wall" in translation read as follows: "Tallahassee, May 31, 1915.—Action on Indian bill stopped today. The lands will be there still and we will try again."

There is an optimistic side to this tragic ending of the work of years, but significant and like a star shining through a clouded sky is the beaming phrase, "The lands will be there still." With the American people upholding this work of the Florida Federation of Women's Clubs, the ultimate success is certain.

With the signal fires so lighted as to touch the dynamic force of the American press, with the offer of brain and pen of America's greatest writers to sound the call to all good white citizens to help this hungry remnant of the old Seminole patriots to homes, we must know that these red children of the Glades, who have wandered thrice forty years in the wilderness of despair, will ultimately come into their rightful heritage.

Personally, allow me to say that I will never desert the cause of this gentle and kindly aboriginal race. If these 600 homeless people did not know that I have never deceived them, nor worked for any other reason than a conscientious devotion for their uplift, I would not possess the confidence with which they have honored me and which is worth more than all their coveted lands.

MRS. MINNIE-MOORE WILLSON, OF KISSIMMEE, FLA.

With her pet cranes, Bettie and Dixie, and Efaw, the collie.

CROW INDIANS DEVELOPING INTO GOOD FARMERS

Again, a great state like Florida need not villify the history and lives of her native people. There is much more than money involved in the handling of this Everglade country. Florida's honor is far greater than her land possessions. The Seminole Indian is a state problem and naturally should be cared for by Florida, but since legislature after legislature denies these original owners lands, the subject will be agitated by America and when the slogan, "Why have the Seminoles been continually denied lands in the Everglades?" becomes nation-wide in its agitation and when Americans awaken to the needs of the helpless and peace-loving Seminole and to a sense of duty of patriotism, there will be something doing in the Everglade country.

Tribute to Indian Character.

IF THE American Indian were not worthy of a place in the world's history, would his memory be perpetuated by his white conquerors? As an idealistic type this 20th century is rushing to pay him a tribute.

Is there a white American who would dare to place before a Congressional body a bill for the erection of a colossal statue of the African to stand beside the Goddess of Liberty in New York Harbor?

The American Indian in bronze statue is to have this honor, and to Ex-President Taft was assigned the honor of lifting the first spadeful of soil at the dedication services.

In the Nation's Hall of Fame in the Capitol at Washington, the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet, an Indian, is honored with a place.

An Indian head is on the five-dollar bill as well as the five-cent piece. To the practical mind let us not forget that an American Indian must sign our currency before it is passed by the Treasury Department.

In military tactics the name of no greater genius adorns its pages than that of Florida's patriot, Osceola, the Seminole.

The instinctive eloquence of Coa-coo-chee, the Seminole chieftain, in his speech to our American General Worth, made him the peer of a Clay or a Calhoun, while the great Seneca Chieftain Logan delivered the most eloquent oration ever compiled in American history.

In the athletic world it took Jim Thorpe, the red skin, to bring the world's championship to America, and as this youthful red American stood before the King of Sweden, and with the Swedish ruler's hand clasping his, heard the words, "You are the most wonderful athlete in the world," all America shouted for Jim Thorpe, the world's champion.

In poetry, in romance, in legends and in folk-lore literature of America we must look to the red man.

It was by the blue waters of Ontario that Hiawatha nearly four centuries ago formulated plans for the first peace compact. Today, "Peace, Peace," is the wounded cry of the world.

The youth of America, the Boy Scouts, and the Camp Fire Girls, after looking through pages of history for a model, have taken the Indian for their hero.

Can anyone doubt the superiority of the Indian character?

We must not forget to pay a tribute to the historic women the red Americans have given to literature.

To our own Florida belongs the first romance of American history. In the life story of U-lee-lah, the Princess of Hirrihigua, is a setting for as dramatic a recitial as has ever adorned the pages of literature. Florida's Indian princess is the peer of Virginia's Pocahontas, antedating the history of Lady Rebecca by almost a century. U-lee-lah, for her courage, heroism and womanly tenderness in saving the life of the only Caucasian on the southern shores of Florida, deserves a place in American annals.

To Pocahontas the glorification of saving Virginia from utter destruction is well known, and in the newest romance of American history, the first lady of the land proudly traces direct descent from the Indian Princess Pocahontas.

Can we imagine the young Indian mother Sac-a-ja-we-wa, whose guidance of the Lewis and Clarke expedition gave to the Caucasian the great Pacific slope?

The linguistic perfection of the Seminole language is sustained in the name of our rivers, lakes, and towns and gives to Florida a halo of romance greater than that possessed by any other state in the Union—a silent heritage of the aboriginal pathfinders.

From Tallahassee to the mysterious swamps of the Everglades, every few miles marks the spot where the ancestrial blood of their race was spilled as they defended the land the Great Spirit had given them.

And again Florida's history is so interwoven with that of the red man that no official document is signed without her great state seal, which makes the impress of a Florida Indian with outstreched arms welcoming the white strangers from other lands and the inscription reads, "In God We Trust!"

Shall the travesty of Florida's seal be allowed while we continue to defraud the Seminole of his heritage?

The Everglade Drainage Scheme a Staggering Problem.

IN THE horoscope of Florida's firmament it takes but a cursory glance to see that in the near future the women of the state who are working for the uplift, for a moral reform in the weak places, will also be taking a firmer hold in the state's progress and will be expected to wield a strong influence in the political field as well as in the municipal and internal affairs.

For this reason, it is well to begin a study of the greatest project that has ever been attempted by any state of like population, viz: the reclamation of the great Everglades of Florida.

This subject, colossal in its magnitude, needs to be looked at from a commercial standpoint and from a moral issue.

The paramount question is, Who of this 20th century are to be the beneficiaries? Certainly not the great rank and file of the citizenship of Florida. With a state whose population consists of only 800,000 people to undertake the stupendous work of reclaiming 5,332 square miles, assuredly looks like a staggering proposition, and while the onward march of progress is the watch cry of the 20th century, there are times when a people may well pause for reflection.

Until Florida populates her millions of tillable and untenated acres, certainly she need not reach out for the uncertain and problematical Everglades.

If this great scheme, which has been a "political football" for nearly a score of years is deserving a place in Florida's column of prosperity and will stand a test of the X-ray of honest investigation, then it should be the counsel of those friends of the Flower State to urge that a full and fair account of the works to be done be made to the citizens.

How many attractive-looking booklets containing the engineering report have been spread broadcast over the country? How many newspapers have been furnished with condensed reports of this daring drainage scheme? Are the people not entitled to know as much of their phase of the problem as they are to know the estimated values of the enormous vegetable crops that this El Dorado of America is likely to produce, say twenty years hence, or perchance will produce on some experimental farm?

The subject of the reclamation of this, "The Least Known Wilderness of America," has extended far beyond the boundaries of Florida and is now a theme of nation-wide discussion, and our hundred thousand purchasers of submerged and unsurveyed lands are waiting with much patience for the answer to the riddle of the ever-silent sphinx of the Okeechobee country, which alone holds fast the key to this Egypt of America.

High Ways and Water Ways.

IN every state of the Union men and women are united in one effort and this is to beautify and protect natural scenery and to preserve the romance and history of their respective states. The Lincoln Highway, the Dixie Highway, National and State Parks all come in for this attention of the people. Florida's natural and romantic beauty in landscape and waterway is one of her chief attractions and has acted as a beacon light to draw thousands of visitors from all over the world, and yet today for

the grind of dollars our great Okeechobee Lake, "the place of the big waters," in Seminole dialect, has been changed from a deep, restless inland sea, like the ocean itself, to a region of shallow shoals and white, glistening sand dunes.

Must Florida continue to disturb nature's balance wheel and relinquish her world-famed Caloosahatchee River with its great navigation value, for the purpose of securing a few thousand acres?

United States Government Keeping a Watchful Eye.

IN THE great drainage scheme of the Everglades, Florida faces a peculiar delimma, which is today challenging America at large.

So interwoven is the history of the native inhabitants with that of the great 'Glade country, that to speak of the one invites the attention to the other, and it is for this reason that Florida should scrutinize closely this great drainage problem.

Broadly speaking, the Seminolè Indians are the only race which could ever successfully make its home in these marshy fastnesses and these saturnine children of the swamps would take them as they are.

Moreover, Florida's Indian population is a state problem and must be handled from such a premises.

When Florida accepted the gift of the Everglade country from the National Government in 1855, she accepted the Indians as a part of the possessions. Until she is ready to repudiate her title to this grant of "swamps and overflowed land" she cannot repudiate her obligation to her Seminole population. This red race is therefore a state problem and as inhabitants of the 'Glade territory are as much a part of Florida as the land itself.

As an investigation of Everglade troubles has already been agitated, those in control who have been holding the check reins are reported to be uneasy, lest the workings of the drainage scheme go through another exposé, conducted as it was two years ago by the Federal Government.

To drain this vast aquatic jungle a stupendous amount of money must necessarily be paid out for canals; pumping stations must be provided for; a system of irrigation must be met; locks must be made to hold the water in the canals at certain seasons; the intensity of the rainfall must be considered, while dredges must be employed to keep the canals free from crumbling rock and soil as long as this southern region is inhabited. To this add cross-country ditching and lateral canals and the diking of thousands of acres, and with a drainage tax that may continue for half a century, the drainage of the Everglades becomes a problem so vast as to stagger the average mind. Of the taxes no adequate estimate can be made. Of the subterranean lakes in the heart of the Everglade section no report has ever been made. Of these impregnable barriers

to successful drainage, the silent Seminole might enlighten those most interested.

With a probable cost of $25,000,000 or more for the purpose of draining 1,000,000 acres, all the territory that the State of Florida now owns, (the remaining acreage of this vast area of more than 5,000 square miles being in the hands of the speculators) it is little wonder that there is an ominous silence when Florida's high officials who control the Everglades are questioned as to the final outcome of the work.

Refreshing is the knowledge that comes from Secretary of War Garrison regarding the waters of Okeechobee and which settles a question much discussed last season with reference to the lowering of the lake. The United States Government cannot be bought with dollars, according to Secretary Garrison's letter, as follows, which says: "This department can be depended upon to fulfill the duty of protecting navigation which the law imposes upon it, and the level of Okeechobee shall not be lowered below a certain point."

No Alms Asked.

WHILE America is benevolently feeding the starving millions of Europe, she has not been asked to contribute a dollar towards aiding her red Americans of Florida. In making a plea for these bewildered people we only ask that they be given an American chance. No alms are asked, nothing but the lands that are theirs by the sacred rights of governmental treaty. Will the democracy of Florida allow these original owners of all the vast region of the Okeechobee country to be crushed out of existence by a handful of speculators, who say there is no land left for the Seminole—let him "make bricks without straw."

The paramount work of the hour resolves itself into the one thought, to see to it that this helpless race are provided with an abiding place, a refuge where they can work out their own destiny.

No public money has ever been appropriated to maintain insane asylums, penitentiaries, or courts of justice for this part of Florida's population. Their simple form of tribal government, erected on three pillars, "not to steal, nor lie, nor cheat," is strictly obeyed, and their moral code has caused them to stand out among all the people of the world as marvels of chastity, for the stern death penalty decreed by the council follows any breach of their unwritten law of virtue. These 600 Seminoles hiding in their swamp-hedged wigwams, adhere to the teachings of their ancestors as practiced three centuries ago.

A Seminole's Honor.

THE Seminole is proverbially truthful. Pertinent was the reply to the white hunter when he asked if it were safe to leave his gun in the wigwam. "Yes," replied the chief, "there are no white men within fifty miles of the camp."

Anxiously and carefully have we studied their form of government, knowing that they leave their money, their trinkets, and their garments in the open wigwam.

With carefully framed questions we asked of Billy Bowlegs, "Billy, your money you leave it in your wigwam. You go back to Okeechobee; money hi-e-pus (all gone); Indian steal it, then what you do?" He answered, "Me don't know." "Yes, but Billy, white man come to my house, my money steal 'em, by and by, in jail big sheriff put him. Indian all the same, bad Indian steal. What does Indian do?"

Making the points clearer, illustrating by the theft of his gun, showing him that a bad Indian from one of the other settlements might come in his absence and steal his Winchester, yet with a perfect understanding of our meaning the reply came as before, "Me don't know. Indian no take 'em,—Indian no steal."

In such a community of "Golden Rule" principles where there is no crime there can be no punishment. The endeavor to show the Seminole what Christianity stands for has been one of the most complex problems encountered; his code is to neither lie, nor steal, nor cheat, and to "think with God;" he believes in God's Son who came to make the Indians better and to prepare them for the Happy Hunting Grounds when the Great Spirit calls them hence.

From his oral lexicon, the Seminole has condensed his verdict of the pale face into one forcible, single expression, "Es-ta-had-kee, ho-lo-wa-gus,—lox-ee-e-jus" (white man no good—lie too much).

During Billy Bowleg's last visit when with the most reverent attitude he listened to the returning of thanks at the table, the question was put: "Billy, do Seminoles talk to God and ask Him to help them and give them food and homes?" "Munks-chay," (no) replied Billy, "no ask Him." Then as if a light dawned as to the nature of our study, he told of a hunting experience of a few weeks before, when he had acted as guide for a New York tourist. For three days the red huntsman had sought all the bayous for a deer, but deer "hi-e-pus" (all gone). "Man feel sorry 'ojus' (plenty). Night come, me wake two o'clock, moon shine bright. Me hear water laugh, me saw big echo (deer) swim across the river. My gun me take. Kill big deer. Me tell Great Spirit, me thank you. White man glad 'ojus;' he go back to New York, take big buck antlers, he say he kill big deer in Everglades."

The Seminole, like his ancient ancestors, thanks the Great Spirit for blessings received, but does not beseech favors.

Visitors from the Everglades.

THE occasional visits of the Seminoles to the doors of civilization always revives interest in the race, for through living authors one may study the life story of these people—a story dating back in its

traditions for more than three hundred years. These Indians tell of their present life, of their homes being molested, their fields taken by the white man; they tell of the dynamite blasts that shake the very pans and kettles that hang around the wigwam. The mysterious smoke of the Everglades which their legends taught them was the "breath of the Great Spirit" now fades away like the dying embers of their camp fires, as it meets the lowering smoke from the great dredges that have been brought by the pale face to take their last homes from them.

The Seminole reluctantly admits, when pressed for an answer, that "now Indians sometimes go hungry, by and by picaninnies hungry plenty me think." *Hungry in a Land Like Florida!*

National Sympathy for the Seminole.

ALL over this continent there is a growing interest in Chief Osceola's long neglected people. A few incidents of their last visit to Kissimmee may interest.

The visit was planned for Christmas week and had been the theme in the Seminole camps for many, many moons.

Of the members of the party, Billy Bowlegs as escort and friendly interpreter was most prominent, yet his endeavor to see that his friends had a good time seemed uppermost in his mind. The party of six Indians were all in neat, yet brilliant, attire to visit the white man's town, all save little eight-year old Mop-o-hat-chee, whose traveled-stained dress worried the mistress of the home, for they were all expected to attend the church Christmas tree that evening. Asking Billy if the little one had another dress, he replied, "she no got 'em; she wash her dress." I replied, "no, she is too little," but being assured that this little red-skinned tot was equal to the emergency, she was permitted to proceed with the order from Billy.

A cunning picture she made, as her long black hair fell around her shoulders and she, with nature's wash board (her tiny hands), rubbed the quaintly made dress until it was clean and ready to be dried. Taking the dress to be ironed, a glance at Mop-o-hat-chee revealed a forest child convulsed with sobs. Not understanding a word of English, she thought her only dress was being taken from her.

None of these Seminoles, except Billy Bowlegs, had ever been in the white man's home, and yet they accepted the change from the wigwam of the weird Everglades with the simplest dignity.

Only once was there any apparent curiosity evinced and this was within an hour after their arrival, whereupon being called to the telephone, I looked back to see the two children peering into the room through the French window; no doubt wondering what foolish thing the mistress of the house could be doing. At another time Martha Tiger, the aged

grandmother, came close to the phone with a quizzical look, when I vaugely explained that I was "talking to the store man down town."

In Seminole history old Martha and her contemporaries antedate the American telephone, for with smoke signals and their warriors' quickness in getting news of the enemy they puzzled many an American officer in the Indian wars.

These Seminoles rode in the automobiles with the same calmness that they would do in their cypress dug-out canoes along the water courses of their saw grass homes.

Pictures from the *Geographic Magazine* and letters from the old blue back spelling book interested all of these Everglade people except old Martha Tiger, who said she "old too much."

Who shall say there is no hope for these forest people?

The hour spent at the Christmas tree will live long in the Seminole's memory and will be told over and over again to the members of the tribe, as they sit around the glowing embers of the campfire. Many small gifts were placed on the Christmas tree for these children of the 'Glades. One exclamation of delight came from the little girl when she opened her Christmas box and found a doll. The boy blew one blast on his tin horn to the delight of everyone, the white-haired grandmother enjoying it most of all.

After these demonstrations all gifts were laid away to carry back to their swamp homes, with the exceptions of beads which were brought in numbers by town friends and children. These were instantly added to the already heavy necklace of both Mop-o-hat-chee and Martha Tiger. For is not the Seminole teaching, "plenty beads, plenty good Indian women."

It is a distinct teaching of the Seminole to care for and revere old age. A word of tribute is therefore due to the filial devotion of Willson Tiger toward his feeble and aged mother. With great care he helped her up and down the steps and was always most solicitous for what the doctor thought of her condition. "What you think? Doctor tell you he make her well?" was the question after the doctor's visit.

As this visit drew near to a close and that feeling of homelikeness was apparent, when some humor might be indulged in, we suggested that Show-lod-ka, the good-looking ten-year old boy, should remain and learn to drive the automobile and "make letters" and that Mop-o-hat-chee could stay with him. These two motherless children are direct descendants of the old chieftian Tallahassee, whose grim and determined patriotism wrenched his tribe from the white man's bullets and Uncle Sam's blood hounds. These children were devoted to each other. A few minutes later the boy had vanished and little Mop-o-hat-chee sat on a chair, her feet swinging and rubbing her eyes to stay the tears. The

cause was soon learned. She had been told in her own language what had been said. "She 'fraid you keep her,'" the older Indian explained and the boy with the same fear had slipped off to his sleeping apartment. Love for their Everglade home has been instilled into every Seminole. They love the country bequeathed by their ancestors, this gift of the Great Spirit to his Florida children, with a love that is frenzied in its demonstration. Shall the great state of Florida deny these home-loving Seminoles their inheritance?

A Picture of a Seminole Camp.

A PICTURE of a Seminole camp ought to inspire courage and sympathy for these silent, peace-loving dwellers of the Everglades. We may see the happy wigwam homes gleaming in the red flames of the camp fires and hear the soft lullabies of the crooning mothers as they watch with careful eyes the toddling papooses as they play on the grassy sward. We see the happy turban-crowned braves move about and the dusky squaws glide in and out amid the shadows of the great live oaks. In a solitude, which Nature only reveals, this brown-skinned people live, doing no harm, seeing God in the skies and hearing him in the winds.

The laughter of the huntsman is heard and the love songs of the Seminole Minnehaha make the night beautiful.

Shall we wrest from this people all that the Great Spirit has given them?

Shall we as good Americans allow this helpless people to be crushed out of existence by a handful of speculators whose highest thought is the jingle of dollars?

If this America of ours can protect the property rights of her citizens by the unfurling of the glorious Star Spangled Banner, if she can say to the war-mad nations of Europe, "*Touch not my people,*" surely she will look into her own galaxy of statehood and see the banner of her own flowery Florida besmirched with a blot that is bringing shame to her citizens and causing the country at large to look with reproach upon the political workings of the state.

With the attitude of the American people so ready to enfold with arms of charity and benevolence the weak and the oppressed of all nations, it looks very much as if this stranded red race of 600 souls in the Everglades will find enough patriotism in this land of liberty to secure to them homes upon which to earn a livelihood in the land they love so well, and speculators of the Everglades, whose fetish is the dollar mark, may yet find a checkmate in the "King's Row."

State Co-operation with Indians:*

By A. E. Anderson,

In Charge County Agent Work, Nebraska.

N COMPILING the annual report for this State I thought perhaps the following, with reference to the work done upon the Omaha and Winnebago Indian reservations and in cooperation with the superintendents and farmers of the Indian Service, would be of special interest to you in view of the cooperative relation in force between the State Relations Service and the Office of Indian Affairs.

The two farmers of the Indian Service and the county agent have worked cooperatively in suppressing and eradicating hog cholera in Thurston County. The county agent has furnished instruments and serum to the Service farmers and has given them instruction in proper handling of the disease. He has also assisted them in vaccinating herds of hogs.

Farmers' Institutes have been held at both the Winnebago Agency and the Omaha Agency, at which State speakers were present to talk on agricultural subjects. The farmers of the Indian Service were instrumental in arranging for these meetings, which were attended by whites and Indians alike. Two meetings were held for the Indians especially, where the address of the speaker was interpreted into the Omaha language. In addition, the county agent has held meetings at a number of school houses, giving lantern lectures and addresses which were attended both by white farmers and Indian farmers.

The county agent has assisted also with the Indian fairs held on both reservations. He has been called upon to judge and explain placings of live-stock and grains.

The most important corn demonstration in the county was conducted upon Indian land leased by William Wingett. This demonstration, now of two years duration, has been to show the value of using adapted corn, and several field meetings have been held at this demonstration, when results of value could be seen. Superintendent Johnson of the Omaha Agency, as well as the farmers of the Indian Service, were present at these field meetings.

Further corn demonstration work was undertaken on the farm of Joe Payer, an Indian who is a member of the Thurston County Farmers' association. At the Thurston County Fair exhibit classes have been open

*Report made to States Relations Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, January 24, 1916.

to the Indians where corn has been exhibited and scored. At the corn show held over the county last year a number of Indians exhibited corn and won prizes. This past year a Winnebago boy, as a member of the Boys' and Girls' Club Work, won a place in the county contest and also exhibited his corn at the State Corn Show.

Missionary Beith, of the Omaha Agency, has been giving assistance through the county agent in home economics work and in the organization of women's clubs.

The county agent has made a farm management survey within the county including some sixty farms. This work will be continued in an effort to determine the factors which affect farmers' profits. The farmers are also assisted in keeping accounts of their farm work and in keeping a record book which will be summarized at the close of the year. In this way an effort is being made to determine the factors of profitableness of farming in Thurston County. Farmers of the Indian Service have asked for copies of the record book to be used among the Indians for this same purpose. This seems a most important type of work in that it will give a fundamental basis for future improvement work most needed in Thurston County.

Previous to this year, and in accordance with the understanding reached with the superintendent of both agencies, the county agent assisted a number of renters on Indian land to check ditch washing and erosion of soil. Good work was done in this respect, and more could be done if time permitted and interest in soil conservation was more fully established.

The county agent has given advice with regard to best methods of sowing alfalfa to Indians who have called upon him at his office. He has also secured alfalfa seed for them through the Farmers' Exchange maintained by the local farmers' association.

The above work has been accomplished largely because of the aimable relations existing between the county agent and farmers' association on the one hand, and the superintendents and farmers of the Indian Service on the other hand. We feel that this relationship should continue because it can only be through the united actions of all these forces within the county that agriculture can reach the highest development. In the matter of hog-cholera control and eradication alone, it is necessary that cooperation exists to the extent that every outbreak can be properly treated and sanitary precautions taken to prevent further spread of the disease. This will necessitate close cooperation and vigilance on the part of all concerned in this agricultural improvement work.

There has been no conflict of advice or of authority, nor can there be under the present plan of work. The county agent's purpose is to lead in all forms of agricultural improvement applicable to his county. This

he does by conducting demonstrations in the best method of growing and caring for crops and live-stock upon farms in the county. His demonstrations are largely with members of the local farmers' association organized to cooperate with the county agent in agricultural improvement work. At these demonstrations, which are distributed over the entire county, meetings are held at opportune times when somé lesson can be learned by farmers of the community. The county agent's work is instructive and largely so by demonstration methods. Personal assistance to farmers is also given when it is requested.

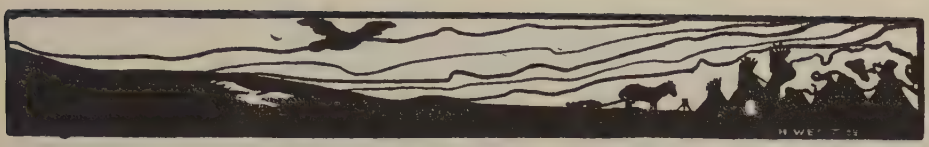
The value of methods advocated and demonstrated by the county agent can be seen by all who come in contact with that work. And those methods and practices leading to more profitable farming and conservation of the land, which are of county-wide application, are given first attention by the county agent. The field meetings at these demonstrations held from time to time are open to all.

The farmers of the Indian Service, as I understand it, give instruction to the Indians in methods of farming and also look after the execution of leases. The county agent gives advice to Indians only incidentally as they come to his office seeking specific assistance, and it is based on the policies of mutual understanding with the superintendents and Service farmers.

Since the majority of farmers on the reservation are leasing and farming Indian land, it becomes important that the cooperation mentioned above be firmly established, since any results obtained are of mutual benefit to the Indian and the farmers. The practices that are adopted tending toward the more profitable production of crops and live-stock and of conservation of the land are of value to the Indian's interest as well as to the white farmer.

The county agent, the Thurston County Farmers' Association, and myself would welcome any suggestion which you can give, or which the Office of Indian Affairs can give toward more effective agricultural work for the county. We feel that the interest of the Indians is so large in the county that the Office of Indian Affairs should have a large voice in the determination of a program for agricultural improvement in that county. I do not know whether an agriculturist is maintained in the Office of Indian Affairs at Washington, but if there is, and if he should include Nebraska in his tours of inspection, I should be exceedingly glad to meet with him and the county agent and farmers of the Indian Service to consider a program of work which we might carry out jointly tending towards the agricultural betterment of Thurston County.

I trust this brief report of results accomplished and the plan under which this work is being conducted will inform you of the service that is being done and can be done within the county.



Molocket and Her Traps:

By Charles E. Waterman.

N A SANDY plain in the State of Maine is an uninteresting group of buildings, too few in number to be called a village, and known to the surrounding inhabitants as Trap Corner, or "Search Acre." For a century the farms stretching across the sandy plain and fertile meadow to a small river have been occupied by white people. Before their coming it had been the site of an Abankis settlement, and this prehistoric village has been the cause of all the interest attached to Trap Corner, or whatever bustle has ever been concentrated within its narrow limits. For many years after it was settled by whites, a solitary Indian woman, the remnant of this earlier village, was continually turning up. She was to be found along the river banks, in the meadows, in the woods, and wherever found she was always hunting—hunting for no one knew what. She would appear at the houses to ask for a night's lodging, but on no account would she occupy a bed, and in the morning she would be gone. No one knew where her house was, nor how she lived. At first she caused some uneasiness—perhaps she might murder them—but at length this suspicion was quieted and she became an extraordinary and even looked-for visitor.

At the time of her first visits she was about thirty years old and rather vain of her good looks. Nothing pleased her so much as to get a peep into the white man's mirrors. She improvised mirrors of her own in the clear springs round about. Once when surprised at one of these, decking her hair with flowers and otherwise improving her appearance, she exclaimed, with something akin to tears in her eyes:

"Young Molocket once, old Molocket now!"

What this exclamation of vanity meant was long a mystery to the people of Trap Corner.

Still the continued hunting went on. One day a hunter, passing over a neighboring mountain, heard a low moaning. He could not tell whether the sound proceeded from an animal or a human being. He could not tell whether it was a cry of distress or alarm, so singular was the sound. He followed the moaning until he came to the top of the mountain, where he discovered something crouched near a large rock. Tip-toeing along he found it to be Molocket. Before her was spread a motley collection of silver and gold coins, silver spoons, bits of quartz,

and trinkets of various kinds. She was praying that the Great Spirit would restore her riches that she might ransom her long-departed lover.

This started the rumor of hidden riches and gave the vicinity the name of "Search Acre." Some were so credulous they searched about the banks of the river and in the meadows for the supposed treasure. The sly Molocket was watched. Some even went so far as to follow the Indian woman as she slowly and reverently—for the Indians believed the Great Spirit had his dwelling place on the mountain tops—climbed what has ever since been known as Molocket Mountain. Some surprised her hoarding place and observed the curious English workmanship of the trinkets and the early dates of the coins.

This hunting went on at irregular intervals for years, but people seemed no nearer the object of their search. Molocket grew wrinkled and gray and moaned more than ever when she saw her likeness, because she was no longer young. At last she fell sick. She no longer had hope of ransoming her lost lover. She dragged her weary limbs to a local practitioner, nick-named "Dr. Digeo." This man had been kind to her, and besides was a "medicine man." But Molocket could not live, and as she went down to the dark river over which she must cross to enter the Happy Hunting Ground, perhaps her lost lover and friend appeared to beckon her on. Wishing to pay "Dr. Digeo" for his kindness, and having nothing with which to do so, she made a disclosure, which stripped of its Indian idiom, is as follows:

"A little before the Revolutionary War the braves who lived on the site of Trap Corner made a successful raid into the frontier towns of Massachusetts and returned laden with spoils, which included a large amount of gold and silver coin. Their success led them to plan another raid on a larger scale, so all the males capable of bearing arms painted themselves in their most hideous manner, and bidding their wives and sweethearts good-by, went away on the war path. Long and anxiously the women waited, but the painted braves never returned. At last burying their treasures on the river's bank, and marking the place by a steel trap nailed to either side of a large hemlock tree, they departed to hunt up their missing men. They never found them. They wandered on, their number diminishing each day, some falling by the rifles of their implacable foes, the white man, some by disease. Some despairing, begged a home with friendly tribes. After a long wandering, Molocket returned to the site of her old home, crazed by her solitude and the intense longing of her early friends. She thought of the treasure. She could ransom her lover with it, if he could be found. So she thought about it, the idea took full possession of her crazed mind. In her absence a fire had run through the woods; the woodsman's axe had laid a portion of it low. She could not find the spot. She spent years looking for it,

growing so old she despaired of her lover's recognizing her could she find him."

It was all over now. Poor Molocket was laid at rest, and "Dr. Digeo" took up the search.

So much he hunted and so long, the crooked stories he told concerning his wanderings raised quite a scandal. Some said he had loved Molocket. Some said she had bewitched him and bequeathed to him a part of her crazy mind. Years he hunted, and, at last, like her, laid down to his last sleep. A burden was on his spirit only to be lifted by imparting the secret of Molocket to a third party.

The later generation was incredulous. They openly told the secret of "Dr. Digeo" and laughed at Molocket. Nevertheless they hunted. Their search was vain. The excitement subsided and the tale was told only around the winter fireside. Occasionally some young man would hunt a little in a shamefaced way, but with no result.

As the years passed the entire meadow was cleared of trees and waved with grass. One spring a couple of men plowing struck an old tree with the plow share, which had been buried by the silt in the water of the river in its annual spring freshets and disclosed a steel trap of quaint English make, which had been completely coverd with wood in its growth. One exclamation came from both men:

"Molocket's trap!"

The tree had fallen within the memory of man. It had been a large hemlock which a hurricane had felled. The plowing was neglected. Spades were brought and the men began to dig. When the tree was exhumed and the opposite side of the trunk cut into with an axe, another trap was discovered entombed beneath thirty annual rings of wood.

The traps were exhibited in the store at the Corner and the story of Molocket revived. Hunting again became the order of the day, and nearly all the meadows adjacent to the fallen tree were dug up, but in vain. The excitement again died away, to be revived occasionally when some stranger arrived and asked to see the traps.

The farm upon which the treasure was supposed to be buried changed owners several times, and at last one of the owners suddenly became rich without showing any visible means of attaining the riches. The old story was revived, attended with the usual excitement. He had found Molocket's treasure, they said. Be that as it may, they have never been satisfied on the point, and still have irregular periods of hunting.

Trap Corner has somewhat decayed of late, as all agricultural communities have, but still commands a degree of interest not attained by neighboring "corners," but when the wind soughs through the valley in winter, shaking loose blinds, people declare it to be the moaning of Molocket's spirit and the rattling of her traps.

A Letter from General Pratt, Founder of the Carlisle Indian School.

Dear Red Man:—I have just read the article in your January number, headed, "Training Indian Girls For Efficient Home Makers." After very justly lauding the necessity for such training it says (the underscoring is mine):

> "*Carlisle for the first time in its history has installed such a course.* We have this year built a model home cottage in which the girls get a *real taste of home life* for a month. Here our girls are being trained to cook over a cook stove, take care of kerosene lamps and to prepare three meals a day in the most wholesome and economical way, etc., etc."

This is a distinct challenge to Carlisle's past record. In the summer of 1880, the next year after it was established, Carlisle inaugurated and always used its own system for practically "Training Indian Girls For Efficient Home Makers" by placing its girls in the homes of some of the best home makers in the surrounding region. This system widely scattered the girls in individual homes each under the training of a selected house mother to be taught cooking and all the other arts and duties of "home making" in real homes under practical "home making" teachers. It wonderfully promoted their English speaking, was without expense to the Government and enabled the girls while learning real "home making" to earn for themselves very considerable sums of money; it helped them to form many valuable and lasting friendships with intelligent and worthy home makers among our own people and brought to their knowledge all the facts of our best American life in a practical way. It taught Americanism at first hand just as many hundreds of thousands of foreign emigrant girls learn it.

It had also the quality of continuing uninterruptedly all the opportunities of "home making" throughout their summer vacation and then was extended to considerable numbers to include attendance in winter in American schools with the citizen children of the families in which they lived. Thus they were not limited to comparing themselves with themselves but were able to compete in home and school with our race.

"Home making" is most assuredly best learned in a real home and under the personal direction of a real and successful home maker, just as farming is best learned under a real and successful farmer on a farm, where the necessity of getting a living and something more out of the farm bears upon the farmer daily; or merchandising is best learned under the tuition of a real merchant and in the best merchandising establishment.

TRUE INDIAN TYPES—TALL BULL, CHEYENNE

A GOOD TYPE OF THE DAKOTA INDIAN

At the school Carlisle early established and maintained a cooking school and utilized the girls and other school quarters for such "home making" training as was there practicable.

By your article the theoretical "cottage plan" is limited to parties within the capacity of the cottage whose occupants detailed monthly take turns in cooking and other features and must be thus frequently changed in order to apply to all the large number of girls at Carlisle, while the other plan is unlimited and can by proper management easily be made to apply to all the Indian girls in America.

In justice to Carlisle's history kindly give this the same publicity you gave the other article.

(*Editor's Note:*—The "Outing System," inaugurated and established by General Pratt at Carlisle, is still in force and there is no intention of discontinuing it, nor is there any disposition to minimize its value. The new domestic science department is simply supplementary and is carried on hand in hand with the Outing.)

The Set of the Soul.

One ship drives east, another drives west,
While the salf-same breezes blow;
It's the set of the sails and not the gales
That bids them where to go.

Like the waves of the sea are the ways of fate
As we voyage along through life;
It's the set of the soul that decides the goal
And not the storm and strife.

SELECTED

How the North American Indians and Our Forefathers Played Football:

By Parke H. Davis in the Princeton Alumni Weekly.

IN THE history of football in America, what starting point could be found more pleasing to the great fraternity of football enthusiasts in this country than a game played by the original Americans prior to the coming of the Europeans? The Indian was extraordinary in his love for the arts of the athlete. Although from the point of view of sports, his name today is chiefly associated with the noble game of lacrosse, which he invented and which is commemorated by one of our cities named in its honor, and in memory of the famous stretch of sand near that city where the Indian played his greatest lacrosse games, the first American also played football in a well-specialized game, of which he also was the inventor.

Our authorities for these facts are three old English writers who have sent down to us across the chasm of three hundred years their interesting chronicles. These three fathers of the literature of sport in this country were Henry Spellman, author in 1609 of the "Relation of Virginia;" William Wood, author of "New England's Prospect" in 1634, and William Strachey, author of "The History of Travaille into Virginia,', of the same period.

Goals a Mile Apart.

LIKE lacrosse, the Indian played his game of football upon the flat sands. The ball was made of leather, sewn with a thong and filled with moss. The goals were a mile and more apart. The players ordinarily

were braves of the same tribe, but upon special occasions the game would be waged between selected players of different tribes, one tribe being arrayed against another. In these tribal contests the players came to the sands arrayed in war bonnets, war paint, and full savage regalia. As the time drew near for the game to begin, bows, quivers, shields and bonnets were discarded, and the Indian, lithe and athletic, stood forth eager and alert. Before commencing play the rival players shook hands and rubbed noses in formal token of the friendliness of the fierce encounter.

And were our comrades of this primeval game without technique? Harken unto the words of William Wood: "They 'mount' the ball into the air with their naked feet. Sometimes it is swayed by the multitude." Say, you sons of college gridirons, is not this a concise description of a kick-off or a punt? And can that swaying by a multitude be aught else than a scrimmage, however crude?

Our genial reporters of three centuries ago tell us that sometimes several days were required to obtain a goal, in which event the contending teams would mark the spot where the ball lay at sundown and resume the game at that point the following day. And there was fair sporstmanship in their game, comparing the tactics of the Indians to the tactics of Englishmen, and clearly referring to tripping and hacking, says: "They never strike up one another's heels, as we do, not acompting that praiseworthy to purchase a goale by such an advantage." They played for stakes, did these Indians, so high that William Wood is afraid to tell the size. On this subject he says: "It would exceed the belief of many to relate the worth of one goale, wherefore it shall be nameless."

The Micmas Scalped Opponents.

A PICTURE in pronounced contrast to these friendly games is drawn by S. Hagar in the "American Anthropologists" for 1895. This writer has discovered antiquities of the game among the Micmac Indians of Canada. These Micmacs, according to Hagar, "collared each other around the neck and when hard pressed drew their scalping knives and scalped." No wonder such players, unlike their brethren in New England and Virginia, had to have the services of an umpire, and the latter, out of an abundance of caution, started play by throwing the ball between the two rival lines from a safe distance to one side. Such was the practice, according to Hagar.

Football was likewise a common form of recreation among the English Colonists, who took with them to America a knowledge of several highly specialized games prevalent at the time in England. Thus Henry Spellman tells us, concerning football in Virginia in the time of Governor Berkeley: "They use beside football playe which women

and young boys much doe playe at. They make their gooles like ours only they never fight nor pull another doone. The men playe with a littel ball lettinge it falle out of their hands and striketh with the tope of his foote and he that can strike the ball farthest winnes that they play for."

Redman vs. Paleface.

IS IT not refreshing to learn that relations in sport existed between the Colonists and the Indians and that their lives were not wholly composed of warfare, massacre, and reprisals? In proof again let us refer to William Wood and read from his book: "It is most delightful to see them play, when men may view their swift footmanship, their curious tossing of the ball, their flouncing into the water, lubber-like wrestling, having no cunning at all in that kind, one English being able to beat ten Indians at football."

As the country along the Atlantic seaboard became cleared, as the stretches became more and more populated, and as opportunities for half-holiday recreations began to appear now and then in the hard toil of the pioneer, football came more and more to the fore as an outdoor game for companies of players. As in England, the ball was an inflated bladder, most frequently in its natural state, but occasionally protected by an extra leather covering, patiently sewed by some enthusiast. Although no antiquary has assembled for us a description of the methods of play, it is reasonable to assume that with the continuous arrival of emigrants from England, the types of games in America at any time during the colonial days corresponded with the types of football played in England at the same period.

With the arrival of the year of 1800, villages not only were abundant throughout New England but each village had its "green." Here the young and old assembled in leisure hours to play at bowls, the young to wrestle, their elders to watch, and frequently all able-bodied fellows to kick a football. Naturally in all such neighborly assemblages a simple game arose which consisted merely in kicking the ball across two opposite lines of "gooless." A common rule of all such games was that the ball could not be carried or batted but should be propelled only by the feet. The accidental kicking of the ball across the side boundaries necessarily required the adoption of rules for bringing the ball back upon the field of play, and these rules of course varied from village to village, according to the contour of the field, the presence of trees, fences, and other obstructions, and the ingenuity of the players.

Canadian Indians and Fur Trade:

By Max McD in Overland Monthly.

TWENTY-FIVE thousand red men are without income owing to the closing of the fur markets of Europe, and the refusal of trading companies to advance the usual "debt" of provisions for the year. The Canadian Government has made grants of money and food supplies.

IN THE early days of fur trade in Canada the posts of the fur companies depended chiefly on Indians for hunters and trappers. The prospects of good bartering, the advances of goods and provisions, and the promise of more induced the red men to go forth in large numbers for furs and hides.

What the fur trade meant in these far-away times may be gleaned from reports of the companies doing business. As early as 1784, the Northwest Company had imported supplies for a year's trade amounting to $125,000, and by the close of the century the gross amount of goods for barter in the store houses of Montreal companies was $600,000. In 1780, Mr. Charles Grant, in a letter to General Haldimand, stated that the fur trade, taking one year with another, was producing an annual return to Great Britain of furs of $1,000,000.

The Hudson's Bay Company was trading in furs as early as 1670, and about 1800 the French firm of Revillon Freres entered into competition. Other smaller traders came in later, and there was keen rivalry among the companies. Spies were sometimes placed around the habitations of newcomers, and Indians and half-breeds on their way with furs were intercepted, bribed and terrorized. There was much drunkenness, quarreling, boasting, and the like among these fur traders. The union of the companies in 1821 cut adrift a large number of Indian hunters and trappers.

Some idea of the frightful slaughter of fur-bearing animals about this time is given in the following figures which represent the catch for an average season: 106,000 beavers, 32,000 martens, 11,800 mink, 17,000 musquash, and other pelts that make a total per season of not less than 184,000 skins. Hunting and trapping for the fall of 1913 and winter of 1914 proved very lucrative, the income from this source amounting to $1,176,540 in the provinces of Canada alone. Prices for fur were on the increase, and the catch, compared with the ten years previous, had not perceptibly diminished. Muskrat fur was steadily increasing in value, and, apart from Hudson's Bay Company sales, there were 4,646,500 skins offered on the London market in March, 1913, the price paid being 50 cent per skin.

Farm products and wages earned are the only sources of income to the Indians of Canada that exceed hunting and trapping. Fishing

amounts to only about half; stock rasing to about a quarter; and all other industries to about half that of the fur industry. The Indians are beginning to manifest an interest in raising of foxes for breeding purposes, but fur-farming has but reached the experimental stage.

Hudson Bay Company Breaks a Custom of Two Centuries.

WHEN the first news of war reached the Hudson's Bay Company it with the other fur companies in the far north stopped all advances to the Indians. It has been the custom of this company for two centuries to stake the Indians in the fall in the form of a "debt" of provisions, which was fixed according to the hunting abilities of the debtor. When the season opened the following year the Indians and Eskimos redeemed the debt with furs. In good years a neat balance would be left over for the Indian and his squaw, and the family reveled in new blankets and gewgaws, became possessed of more guns and traps, much powder and many balls (for they hunted with the old ball and cap guns), and grew fat from well-feeding.

With these advances cut-off, the natives were in a serious predicament and if the Government had not come to their assistance, many would actually have starved.

W. E. C. Todd, of the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, spent six months last fall on the shores of James and Hudson's Bay. On his return to civilization he stated that the Indian trappers of that region were suffering to a great extent through being robbed of their fur market and shut off from supplies through the fur companies. Mr. Wilson, the Hudson's Bay Company's manager at James Bay, showed the scientist a storehouse of furs, which at ordinary times would be worth $100,000, but which at current prices could only be sold for $17,000.

At White River the Indians were in a distressing condition. When Mr. Todd arrived in a sailing boat the natives came out in canoes to meet him, and by diverse means, mainly by pointing to their mouths, made him understand that they were badly in need of food. A white whale and some porpoise were caught later, which tided them over till a packet arrived with Government supplies. As it was, Mr. Todd's flour was confiscated and distributed among the trappers. Had it not been for the timely aid given, wholesale starvation would have prevailed, for the country bears but a minimum of meat animals.

In the territories north of Alberta and Saskatchewan, the Indians are in a very bad condition. Jack Hughes, a well known trader and trapper, has just completed a 1,000 mile "mush" with huskies from Chippewayan, north of Great Slave Lake, to Calgary, Alberta. Discussing the situation in his country, the pioneer says:

"I came out because there was nothing to do. The bottom has

dropped clear out of the fur market; in fact, there is no market for furs at all, and the trappers have been in a very bad way this winter. The Indians are in especially bad shape, as an Indian never has anything anyway, and as a rule gets very little for his furs at the stores. This year he has got practically nothing, and would have starved unless the Government had come in with supplies."

Worse Since Whites Came.

"GOD made the game and the fur-bearing animals for the Indian, and trade goods and money for the white man," said an old Indian recently, "and they shouldn't be fixed, for when they do, the Indian always gets the worst of it." The situation could not have been more aptly summed up. Commenting on the condition of the red man today, a recent writer has this to say:

"Before the white man came, the Indian lived successfully by what he gained from the chase. Then, fur gathering was merely a side line with him. With the establishing of fur posts by the white man the Indian began gradually to trap more and hunt less, depending on the proceeds from his fur, which would buy white man's grub and thus make up the deficit caused from his neglecting the hunt."

In the old days, an Indian, to buy one of the old-fashioned long-barreled rifles known as "trade guns," was required to pile up skins one upon the other until they reached in height from the butt to the end of the rifle barrel. At Fort Nelson, British Columbia, a place far in the interior, the following prices were in effect in October, 1910: Flour, 30 cents a pound; tea, $1 a pound; bacon, 50 cents a pound; rolled oats, 50 cents; and sulphur matches, $2 per quarter gross. At Fort Murray, much nearer civilization, 1914 prices were, per pound: Tea, $1; flour, 20 cents; sugar, 25 cents.

Considering these prices, which are a very fair sample of prices charged to the Indians in many parts of the north, it is to be doubted whether the Indian is as well off as a trapper for the white man as he would have been by remaining an idependent hunter.

Fur Values by Provinces.

THERE are nearly 25,000 Indians in Canada engaged in hunting and trapping. Of this number about 6,000 are Indians and Eskimos in the far North outside the boundaries of the provinces. Quebec and British Columbia each have 4,660; Northern Ontario has nearly 4,000; Manitoba and Alberta, 2,000; Saskatchewan, 1,200; and the remainder are in the maritime provinces. These hunters are equipped with 10,000 shot-guns and 8,500 rifles, while the trappers are using nearly 150,000 traps of various sorts.

The total value of the fur catch for 1914 was estimated at $1,176,540.

Manitoba led with a trade estimated at almost half a million dollars. The Indians at Norway House alone had $333,500, and Fisher River $62,000 from the sale of furs. Saskatchewan in its northern reaches was responsible for $242,174, and the largest producers were the Indians at Isle la Crosse with $65,000 credited through the sale of skins. Touchwood Hills reserve followed closely with an income of $62,000; Onion Lake had $42,000; Carlton, $24,000; and Duck Lake, $20,000. The wilds of Northern Ontario, which, however, are sparsely settled with Indian population, gave up to the red men furs valued at $160,000. Savanne Reserve is credited with $53,000 of this; Kenora and Fort Francis, beyond the Great Lakes near the Manitoba boundary, each had between $25,000 and $30,000; and Sturgeon Falls, $16,000. The province of British Columbia, while lying largely in the Rockies, is not a large fur producer in so far as this industry affects the Indian. The total for the province is $143,700. New Westminster Indians trapped to the value of $30,000; Nass, of which Metlakatla is the Indian village, gleaned $20,000 from pelts; Stuart Lake ran to $20,000 in value; while Babine and upper Skeena produced to the worth of $15,000. Quebec had $116,000 in traps and chase, Bersimis and Lake St. John getting about $44,000 each of this amount.

Figures that would accurately represent a season's fur trade among the Indians of Yukon territory, the Northwest territories, and Ungava, are not available and are not included in the total estimate of the Indian fur trade in Canada. With these outposts included, the aggregate would probably run to a million and a quarter of dollars. With these figures in one's mind it will not be difficult to realize the dire result of a dead fur market. The Department of Indian Affairs, of course, has been able to draw on a reserve or "Trust Fund" amounting to some $7,653,000, but this is available only for treaty Indians living on reserves within the nine provinces, and $5,000,000 of this is allotted to Ontario alone.

The circumstances which make the situation unfortunate is that the Indians most needing aid are not treaty Indians, and so, in the strict sense of the term, not wards of the Government. Provision, however, has been made for these by special grants of money and supplies distributed through agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, and other fur companies, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and other sources. With the passing of winter in Northern Canada, the suffering will not be as severe, and with the lakes and rivers open to navigation, food supplies will be more easily secured and transported to those in need. The Canadian Government has always made provisions for its Indian wards, and in this crisis in the experience of the red men of the guns and traps, the legislators at Ottawa have not been found wanting.

TRUE INDIAN TYPES—ZUNI, ARIZONA

TRUE INDIAN TYPES—HOPI MAN, ARIZONA

Penn's Treatment of the Indians:

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

THE methods used by William Penn, in occupying his grant in America, were in strong contrast with those practiced by other land holders who came from England. The general practice was to entirely ignore the Indian ownership when a grant in this country was to be taken up, and the new settlers not only appropriated what was granted to them by charter rights, but they would grab everything in sight. It was this method that kept the early colonists in a continuous turmoil with the Indians.

When William Penn arrived in America to occupy the land which had been allowed him by the English King in return for a debt, he was wise enough to see that the first thing necessary for him to do was to conciliate the Indians in the neighborhood, and make them his friends, and in consequence of this the Penn colony was the least disturbed of any other in America.

On the last day of August, 1682, the good ship Welcome left England with William Penn and about 100 other passengers on board. They reached this country on the 7th of November, and, after establishing themselves along the Delaware they laid out Philadelphia, and in doing so showed every consideration for the red men of the vicinity to win at least their respect if not their favor.

One of Penn's fixed purposes was to allow no land to be occupied until the consent of the Indians had been secured. The emigrants who had come and those who were coming needed land, and so, at noon of an uncertain day, fixed by some as in November, 1682, and by others as the 23d of June, 1683, Penn met the leading chiefs beneath the branches of an old elm tree at Skackamaxon, much used for Indian council, the name Shackamaxon meaning in the language of the tribe, "the place of kings."

It is stated that then and there Penn bought Indian lands, and that with the transfer went certain verbal agreements. About two months later Penn wrote: "When the purchase was agreed, great promises passed between us, of kindness and good neighborhood, and that the English and Indians must live in love as long as the sun gave light."

A century later a famous artist, Benjamin West, painted a picture that represented the affair as a formal function, instead of as an ordinary business transaction. The unique feature of the incident is that the agreement made that day was faithfully kept for sixty years. Voltaire

pronounces Penn's treaty "the only league betweeen the aborigines and the Christians which was never sworn to and never broken."

The great elm of Shackamaxon was blown down in 1810, and today a handsome monument marks its site, containing the words: "Treaty ground of William Penn and the Indian nation, 1682. Unbroken Faith." The treaty was probably made with the Lenni Lenape or Delaware tribes, and some of the Susquehanna Indians.

Tradition has it that Penn went to the council in a barge and wore a blue sash. A belt of wampum has come from the Penn family which, it is claimed, was presented to the proprietary on that occasion. The great Indian chief, Tamanend or Tammany, is said to have been chief spokesman on this occasion, and there are papers extant in which his dress and the emblems he wore are accurately described.

In his letter of August 16, 1683, to the Society of Free Traders, Penn, writing from Philadelphia about the Indians, whose habits and language he had been studying closely in the course of a tour among them, described minutely the conduct of the Indian council. "I have had occasion to be in council with them upon treaties for land and to adjust the terms of trade."

He further wrote, although not naming the location, but which fits in every way the Shackamaxon meeting: "Every king hath his council, and that consists of all the old and wise men of his nation, which perhaps, is two hundred people. Their order is thus: The king sits in the middle of a half moon and has his council, the old and wise, on either hand. Behind them a little distance, sit the younger fry, in the same figure."

Although Penn had paid King Charles for the province, he recognized Indian ownership, and purchased from them all the land he acquired, paying a price which, while not large by modern standards, was more than was paid in other colonies. Penn not only made promises to the Indians, but kept them, and not only in the acquiring of land, but Penn insisted that wrongdoers to the Indians should be treated as though their crimes had been directed against fellow-settlers, and that Indian criminals should be proceeded against before magistrates as though they were whites.

The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and danger
And make the impossibility they fear.

Rowe.

Conscious Activity

IT IS the destiny and life work of all things to unfold their essence, to reveal God in their external being.

By education the divine essence of man, his spiritual nature, should be unfolded, brought out, lifted into consciousness, and man himself raised into free, conscious obedience to the divine principle that lives in him, and to an independent representation of the principle in his life.

Education should lead man to see and know the divine, spiritual, and eternal principle which animates nature, and is permanently manifested in nature. Only spiritual striving, living perfection, is to be held fast as an ideal.

The highest eternally perfect life would have each human being develop from within, *Self-Active* and free.

God created man in his own image; therefore man should create and bring forth like God. The spirit of man should hover over the shapeless, and move it that it may take shape and form, a distinct being and life of its own. This is the highest meaning of creative activity. We become godlike in diligence and industry, in working and doing; we give body to spirit and form to thought.

FRIEDRICH FROEBEL

BEIN' conspicuous don't allus mean dat you is important. De Chrismus tree am bigger dan de bunch ob mistletoe, but it don't exert near de influence.

UNCLE EBEN